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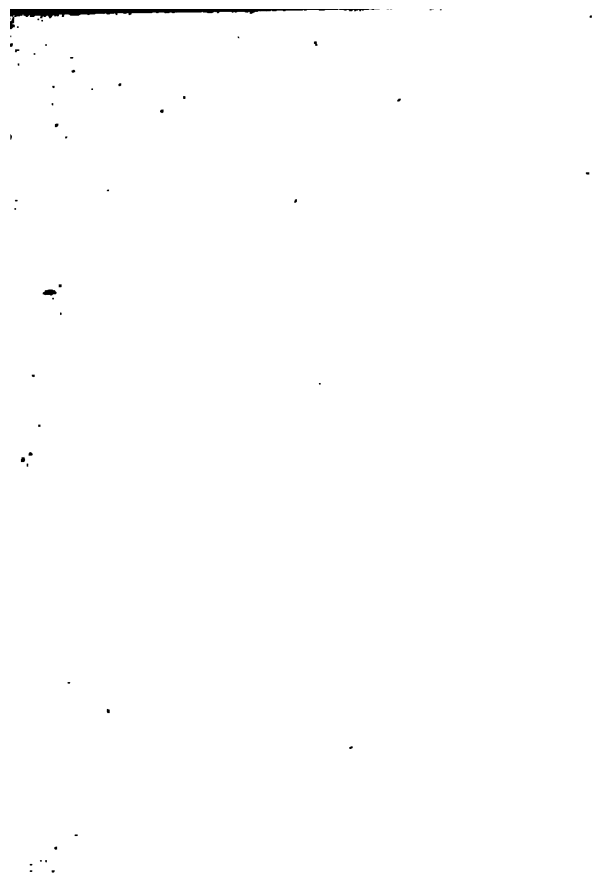


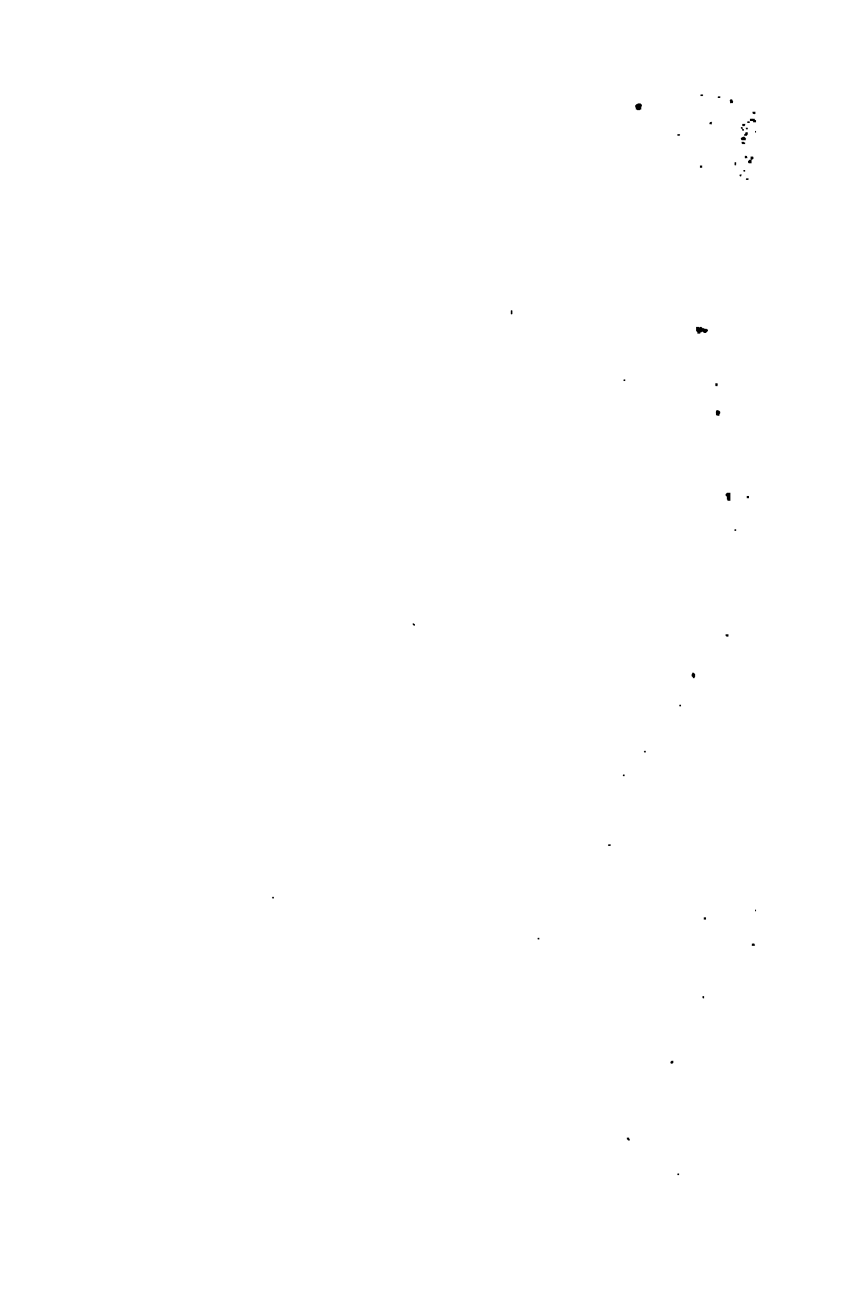
MONSIEUR
M A L L É T ;
OR,
MY DAUGHTER'S LETTER.

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. CRUTCHANK.

London:
THOMAS GRIFFITHS,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
MDCCCXXX.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.











MONSIEUR MALLÉT:

O

OR,

MY DAUGHTER'S LETTER.

A Random Record.

BY

H. W. MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF MONTMORENCY; POEMS. ANNOTATOR OF THE
'DEVIL'S WALK,'
&c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIX BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS

BY

ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

ENGRAVED BY BONNER AND WALKER.

LONDON:

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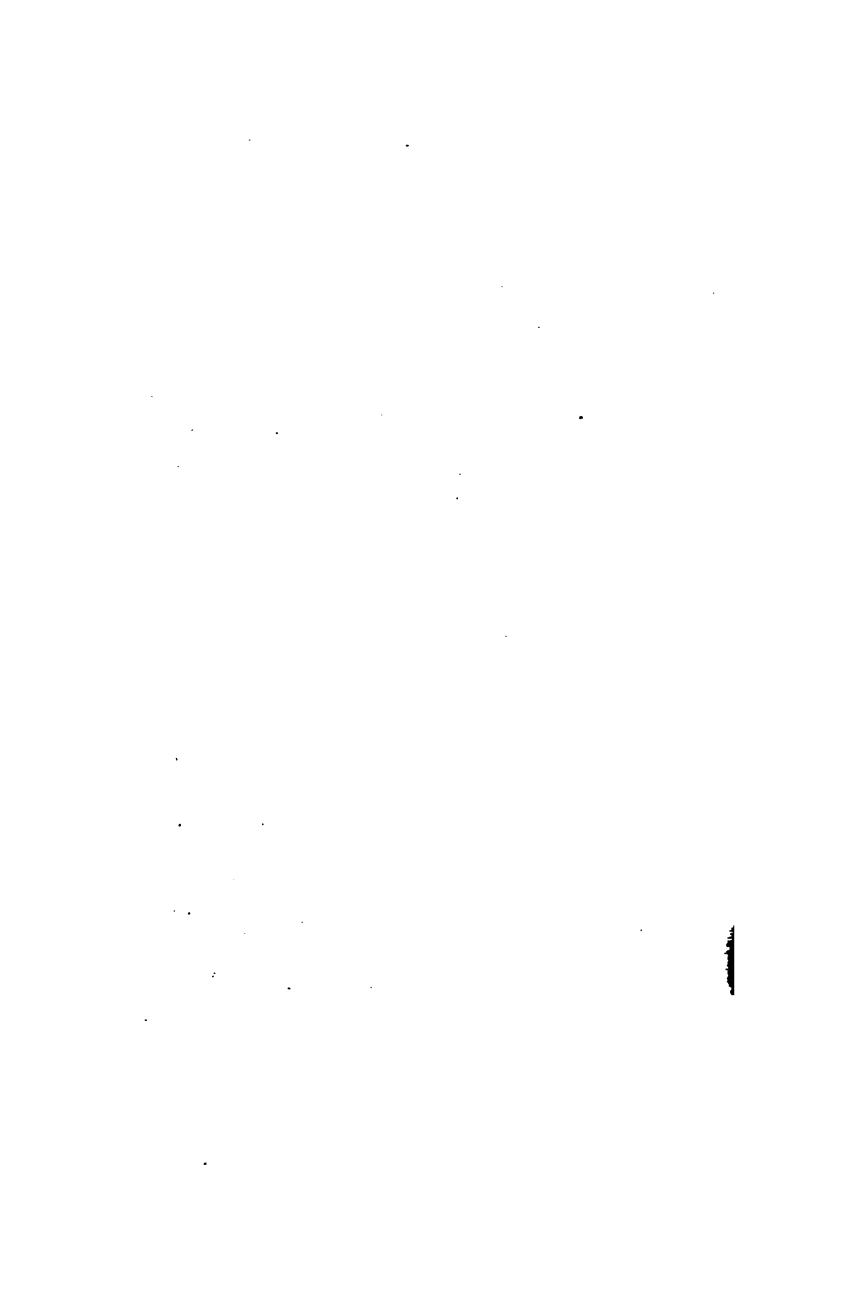
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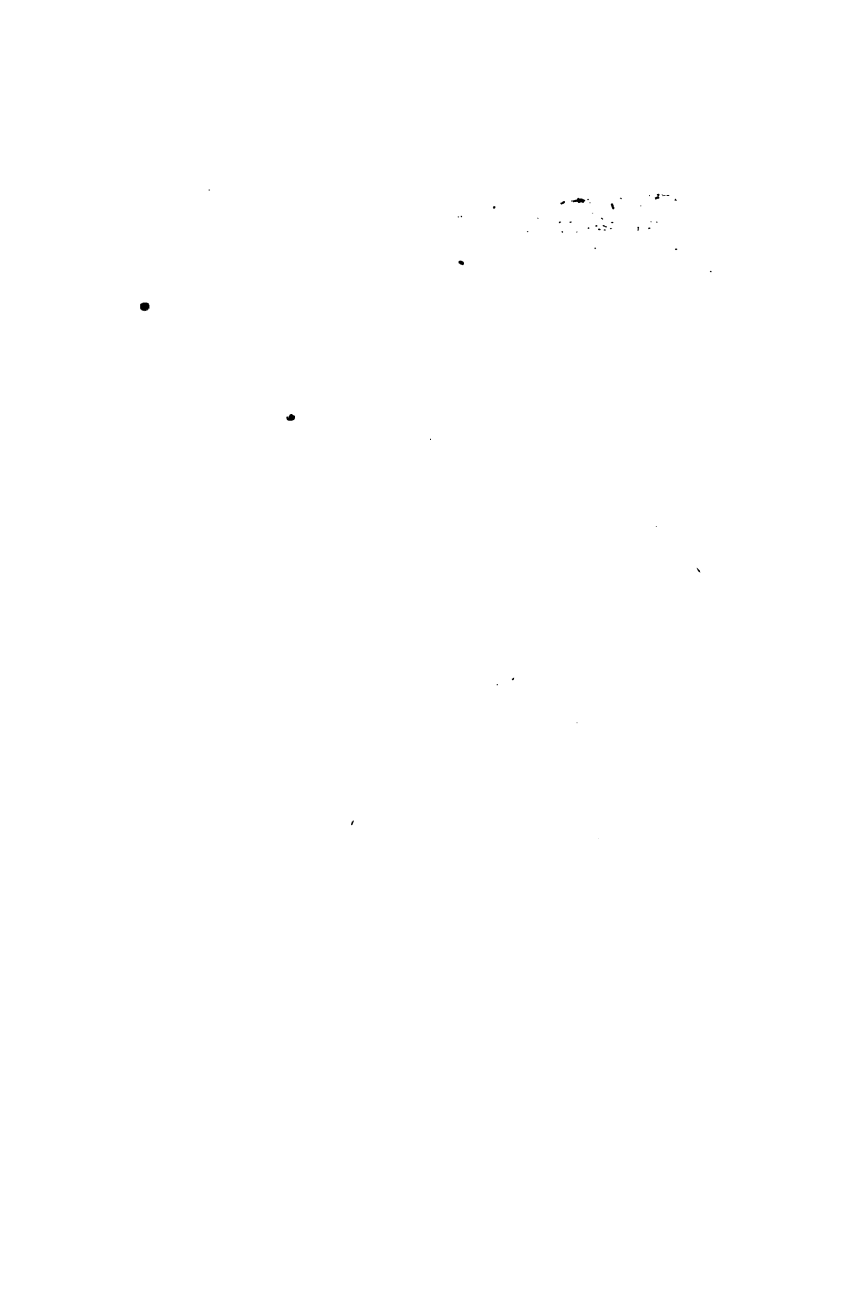
PREFACE.

GOLDSMITH, we think, somewhere remarks, that a Book may not possess a single absurdity, and yet be insufferable,—and that, on the contrary, it may be full of faults, and yet be amusing :—as our single aim in the following bagatelle has been to amuse, we shall, if we succeed, be very careless of the errors which those who are fond of torturing butterflies may take the pains to discover.*

* There are few things perhaps more gratifying to an author than to have it supposed that he writes with an unparalleled facility. It serves to palliate his faults—of course—and is assumed as an indication of genius. Being desirous to possess ourself of advantages so easily and *equitably* obtained, we do hereby inform an indulgent, and listening, and “pretty” public, that the following stanzas were written exactly between the uncorking and inhalation of two bottles of Guétier’s incomparable Medoc.







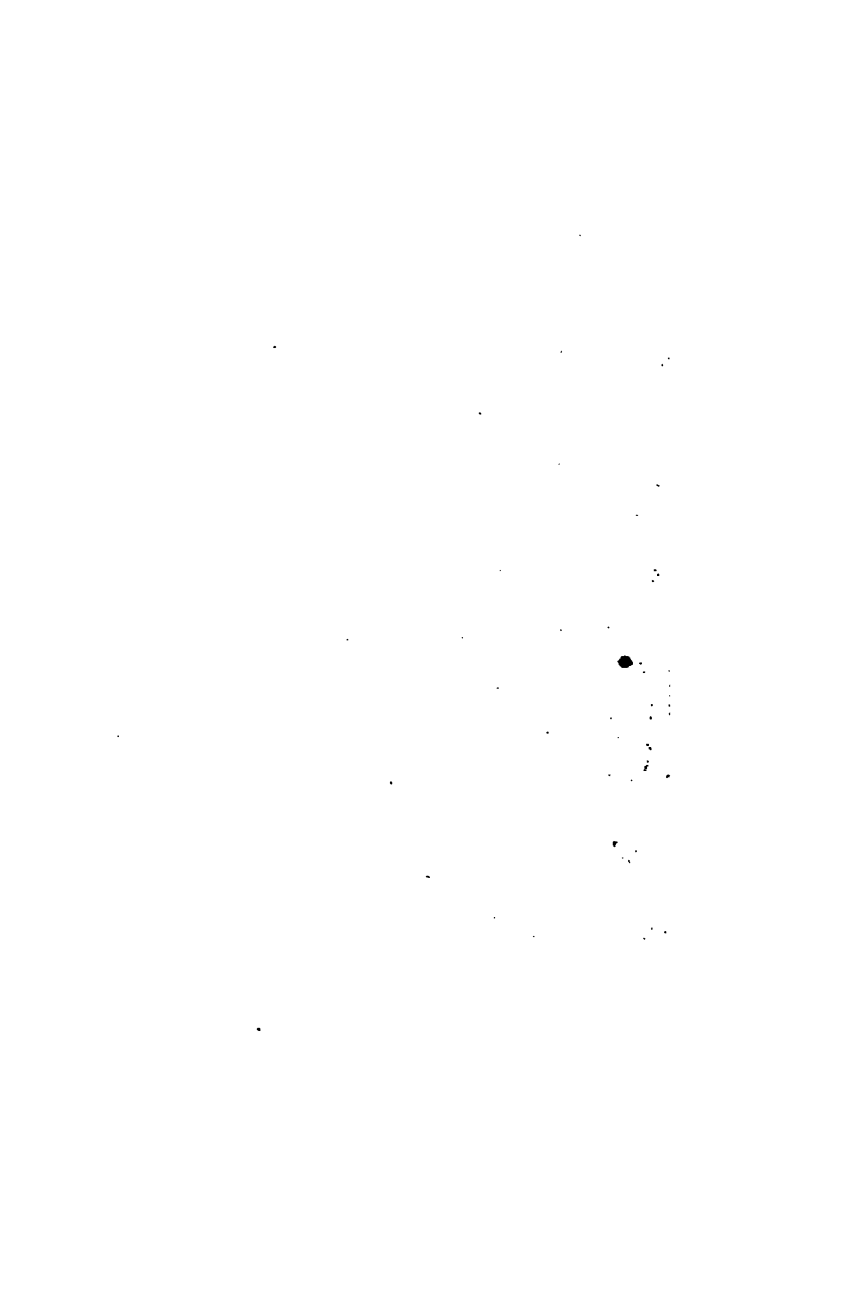




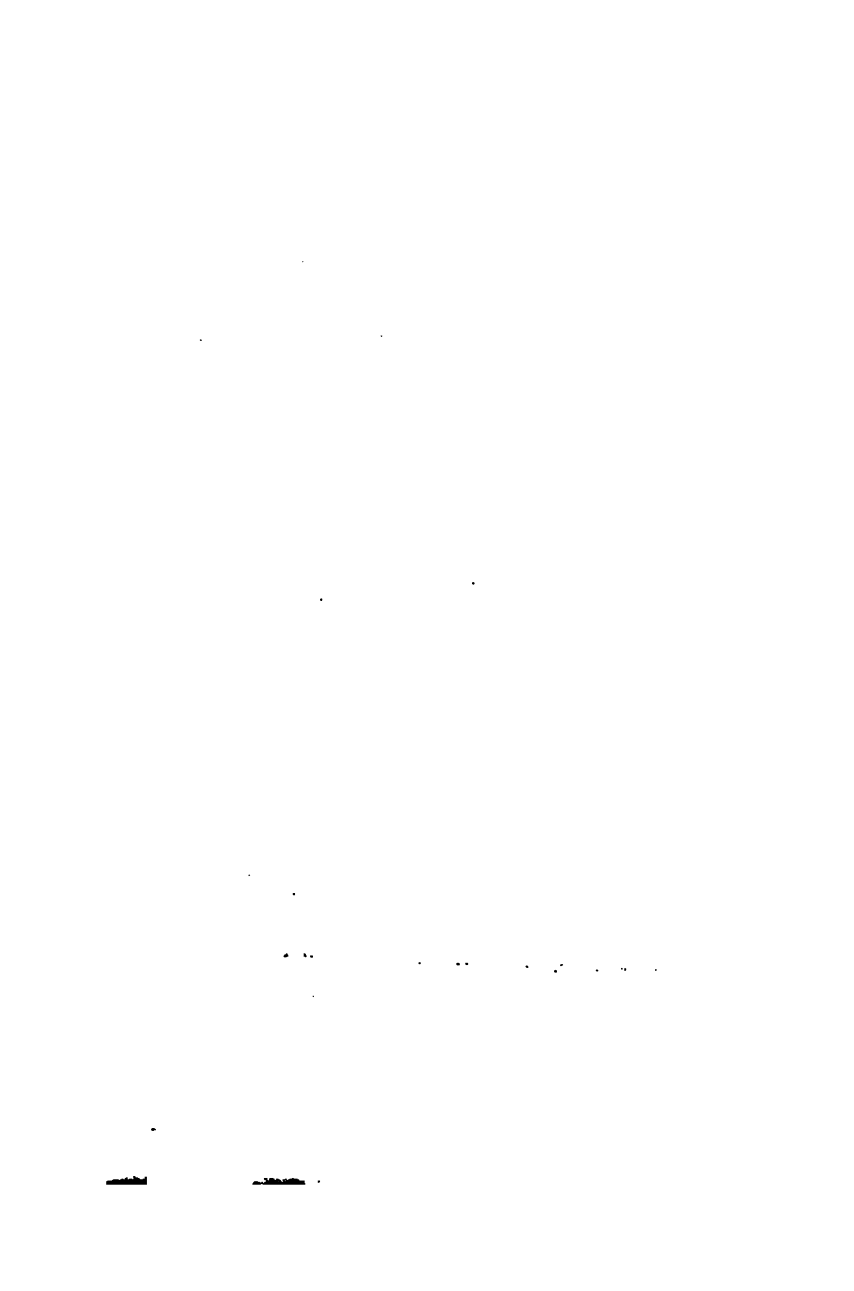












MONSIEUR MALLÉT.

I.

SOME thirteen years ago, or thereabout,

There liv'd within the city of New York

A martial Frenchman,—rather thin than stout,—

A queer old blade—and not unlike a fork :—

His age (he said) was fifty-two “*about*,”

Perhaps 'twas ten years more—we'll not be nice ;

Folks *will* be young again at any price ;—

Ask an attorney, ma'am—if you've a doubt—

Disputes of all kinds *they* end in a trice,—

As tom cats settle differences 'twixt mice.*

* See note (⌘) at the end.

II.

He wore a pig-tail almost to his shoes,
Which look'd absurd, so people said and swore :
If people only minded their own cues,
Satire would much more rarely whip them sore ;—
Who eschews pig-tail—that is, if he *chews* ?
Now to our Frenchman's story—as we ought ;—
As to his height—why folks had different views ;
He was both short and tall, as people thought,—
The short ones thought him tall—the tall ones short.

III.

His name was Mallét, famed in modern lay,
For cutting foreign throats at Waterloo ;
Tho' vanquished there, he'd boast of Boney's sway,
And tell of some great feat—and swear, 'twas true
But quite forgot the feet that ran away !
Himself had known the useful virtue too
Of running fast, when guillotines arose
In that most hateful tyrant Bourbon crew,
New furbish'd up in begg'd or borrowed clothes
To scare thy Patriots France—defam'd as Foes !

IV.

Over the sea—and up the Hudson river

Mallét escaped—and fear forgot, at last,
In fam'd New York ;—but ah ! without a stiver

Upon life's flinty couch of reckoning cast !—
But yet—though Hope had been a gay deceiver—

He, cheerful, taught to fence—and taught to read—
And taught to dance—and taught in song to quiver
Sweet lips—and taught to draw—to *draw indeed* !
Heavens ! what a life a father's pockets lead ! *

V.

This last digression swiftly floats us on

Right to the mark of our “ most pleasant ” † tale,
For twelve long months he'd look'd the waves upon

With fluttering hope, his Daughter bent to hail ;
Her birthday came,—no Sun, upon it, shone !

Tears fall—as if by weight, from both his eyes,—
Like Niobe's—amounting to a STONE !—

And now his phiz with London city vies,
That grievous city—which is full of CRIES !— .

* See note (b) at the end.

† See note (c) at the end.

VI.

He in Bordeaux had left his darling girl
When duty called him to the Belgian strait,
And when Disaster bade her flags unfurl,
His child had sickened at a parent's fate :
A parent—now, whom fortune's winds must hurl
Far from his home—and farther from her love
She sank—as sinketh with a tremulous whirl
Smit with too sure an aim, the bleeding dove—
Robb'd o'th' sweet revel of its world above !

VII.

On the salt sea, she now in sooth was sailing—
A matchless pearl, by emeralds clasp'd around,
To her the storm-winds in their furious railing
Were but a child's caprice—since their brief sou
Tales of enraptur'd years to come was telling !
O glorious ocean!—Muse!—(no doubt you
sought her
In gin and water,—Byron's never failing :
Our *Blues*, a mode use, infinitely *shorter*,—
They drink the gin, 'tis said, *without* the water !)

VIII.

use is silent :—doubtless she has reason
being sulky in the month of June ;—
e, poetic flowers are not in season,
budding, blow, until the autumn-moon ;
ton says,—who's not to be refuted :
, though our cause be lost, ere it be won,
pleasure, 'twill not be disputed,
/ in the dog-days, even to be NON-SUITED !

IX.

to th' Yankee postman oft would hie,
laiming low—" *I'll knock him once again !*"
apping at the window, modestly
uire, for " Mallét," if there was (in vain !)
er, —— till the Yankee grew quite shy
surly—and poor Mallét then would borrow
pocket-handkerchief—to wipe his eye !
e Hope ! thou barefaced fibber—to our sorrow ;
e of leap-years, wretch ! is *thy* to-morrow !

X.

Yet this is **HOPE**—whom every poet lauds !

This, the pagoddess, he delights to paint !

This, the sheer Jilt, on whom he showers his gauds !

Pah !—their fine speeches almost make one faint,
Like those, still finer, in the House of Lords !

Hope is a Slut !—to wit—her face, when sunny,
Thoughts of past parties on the Thames records ;

We *must* renew them—*do*—for love or money,
Which she perceives—then drowns us in a Funny !*

XI.

Thence to the coffee-house he'd oft resort

Till half-seas o'er, he couldn't see despair :

And once while calling out for " something short," †

A long young yankee, somewhat loudly there
Reading, cried " News ! Dead-letters !—here's your
sort !

" A pretty considerable small large heap !

" Pooh !—what's your Wellington or Buonaparte ?

" Give me, I say, Postmaster Colonel Snip, ‡

" With him, the **DEAD**, can even their **COLUMNS** keep !"

* A boat very much in vogue for accidents of this antithetical description.

† A cant expression for *Schnaps*.

‡ See Note (d) at the end.

XII.

Hearing of columns, Mallét in a hurry

Seizing on Jerry's button, bade him list

To tales of War—how kings play'd hurrey-skurrey,

I wist, for crowns ;—as we do play high-whist !

Here is a subject full of martial gist !

Where are your mighty bards—Hurst, Maunder,
Murray ?

Unpaid accounts—Alas ! I hear you curse,

And tax their friends—who cry out, in a flurry,

“ Better than *nothing*, though, is this same verse ; ”

Mayhap.—I'm sure that *nothing can be worse* ! *

XIII.

Umph ! *General War's* your Boss, I guess, Moun-
seer ? ”

Said Jerry, knowingly—then turn'd again

To the dead-list of letters—while more near

Approaching him, the Frenchman heard with pain

The words “ dead-letters ” whispering in his ear.

“ Are doze den, sare, ‘ de letters of de dead ? ’ ”

“ Hi ! hi !—you're *wide* ! ” said Jerry with a leer :

“ *Erronous wide* ! ”—but—for these *letters* here,

When open'd by the postmaster and read,

“ *They're* dead as herrings—herrings that are *red* ! ”

* See Note (e) at the end.

XIV.

" You'd have me read the list, Mounseer, I guess ?"

" If you do please, sare ;" said the Frenchman,
quick ;

Jerry replied with nasal twang " O yes !"—

" Tomkins, and Popkins, Filkins, Fiddlestick,"—

" And Mounseer Mallét,—" all at once, distress

Yields—as the bright dreams that o'er memory
throng,

His daughter paint in all her loveliness !

O charming woman!—all—except thy tongue—
And *that*—we sometimes almost wish was HUNG !

XV.

But soon the Frenchman rag'd,—and as we jog

Onwards, by figures, we will sum up Rage,
That *Giant*, who for mischief's all a-gog !

That Flirt—who no new lover can engage :
That man-o'-war's-man, cheated of his grog :

That watchman wak'd up from a snoring-doze :
Enough—our Mallét cried, " I'll flay the dog !"

" I'll tear him leg from limb : I'll spoil his clothes :
" I'll spit his body : I—I'll—BLOW HIS NOSE !" *

* See Note (f) at the end.

XVI.

This is a climax downwards, which, adore
Your just-breech'd Poets of the fastian-class :
But to our hero—he that very hour
Sought at the post-office the sulky-ass,
The clerk—and knock'd most roughly at the door :
Slowly and surlily the fellow came
Mumbling "This Mounseer is as great a bore
As that great wild bore 'neath the river Thame!"—
The sole wild-boar that's master'd by a tame!

XVII.

Loud Mallét swore, undaunted,—though in ire
The clerk his ruler flourished "awful grand," *
As firemen do their plug-pipes at a fire,
By which the flames, to twice-told fury fann'd
Rise up like churches,—destin'd to a-spire !
"Here's," cried the clerk, "one MALLÉTT—some
high-flyer—
A General—but, *no* MALLAY, man, I tell ye."
"MALLÉTT is MALLAY, *Sare*;—*you are one liar!*"—
The clerk's hair look'd like waves—confus'd and
hilly—
His visage sunken—like the rocks of SCILLY!

* See Note (g) at the end.

XVIII.

Yet, to his boiling rage, in apathy,
The clerk, for Mallét had, we're forc'd to say,
No pity,—just as fleas (it makes one sigh),
Will *not* be lobsters, boil them as we may! *
Rather he loath'd him, as, when near a burrow,
Dogs are, by conies—on a shooting day:—
So have I heard our cits express a thorough
Hate of your west-end folk—who hate the Bo
ROUGH!

XIX.

He held the letter ;—Mallét snatch'd it—blest—
Lost for an instant in delicious thought!
But soon recovering, call'd the clerk a ' pest,'
'Poltron!'—'Bléguard!'—'Nancompup!'—in sho
Names far too coarse, by me, to be exprest:
And then he 'gan to quickly move from thence,
A move the postman-yankee thought no jest,
And begg'd (the Harpie!) "postage paid, in *cents*,
Enough, ten thousand Half-pays, to incense!

* See Note (h) at the end.

† American current coin.

XX.

At this, our general, who'd no Cents to spare,
Went *mad* with rage, and tore his letter up,
Then look'd upon the pieces in despair,
And left them—that last comfort in his cup!
But ere, as Shakspeare says, “ they made them air,”
The postman, curious in disposition,
Hoarded these *loose thoughts* with a deal of care;
Our Novel-wrights, with higher far ambition,
Get rid of theirs with marvellous expedition!

XXI.

This done—he look'd some raw Hibernian critic
Stuff'd with the solemn quackery of his trade—
Plainly, in spite of frowns so analytic
Torn by mistake from the potatoe spade!—
Raking his brains—in birth ev'n paralytic—
On some old worn out theme—for something new;
Aping a pompous grandeur quite ascetic,
Or assinine—as th' lion's skin, to view
Gives ears—that give, the mighty Scribe his due!

XXI.

Just at this point, we will awhile diverge
And tell, how, in the meantime, as is fit,
The goodly ship had ridden o'er the surge
Wherein was Mallét's daughter (who had writ,
A tranquil mind in her lov'd sire to urge—
Saying, that ' she was well—and doubly doating
On Sunday they of land beheld the verge ;
(Sunday—except at Richmond, Mitcham, Tooting
That weekly day of rest—from doing nothing !)

XXII.

Right in the harbour rode she from Bordeaux,
The good ship 'Penn,'—'mid many a cheering sou
The streamers wave—the sailors crowd the bow,
Friends throng like geese some stranger-
around !—
Dropping his castor as on duty's ground
Sharp as his *saw*, our captain look'd—for know
There, customs officers were rang'd in *file* !
The ship, of course, was inward-bound—and
The dock-gates creak'd, as *they* too, all the while
Were *inward-bound*—and wanted *castor-oil* !

XXIV.

The passengers—so long upon the waters—

Look'd wild, and seem'd as they had ta'en to *whine*,
No wonder, when we learn how stood all matters,—

The vessels lading was composed of wine!
Some went to Mother Bradish's snug quarters
And dined :—but some (who th' banquet ghost—
Banquo's—did look like) were to fever, martyrs—
They—in the New York Hospital were dos'd ;—
Sole hospitality New York can boast !

XXV.

Gentles, the bard, not too digressive deem,

If, 'mong the passengers, he just explain,
Was one, the lessee late, of that, to him

As much a *dreary*, as a *Drury-lane* !

Lo! Mr. *Price*—on crutches—looking grim,

Whose four-legs move, as each were in a vice—
Who *falls* !—A sinking fund is life's fair dream !

And hark ! each grave dramatic nigger cries,
“ Opossum end him ! ” STOCKS ARE FALL'N IN PRICE !

XXVL

One of these niggers was the slave, to wit,
Of a great merchant, the tried friend and dear,
Old correspondent of a London cit,

Whose son (the Londoner's—we must be clear)
Embark'd had, in the Penn, in hopes to meet,

On Yankee shores, applause upon the stage :
As if to trade, he to his sire had writ

For money—which was wrong, we all engage—
But then he was in love—and under age.

XXVII.

Just like old Olbadistone's madcap son,

Young Harry Rover had gone o'er to France,
To learn the mysteries of "number one,"

But liking "number five," he learnt to dance,
Sing, act—and serenade, as the red sun

Slow over Dordogne's hilly boundary sank :
And to complete our "five," when that was done,

He learnt to love—and loving raptures drank
On the laved marge of Garonne's purpling bank.

* According to a recent traveller, "the Yankees are much
DEARER correspondents than friends!"

XXVIII.

There he Miss Mallét met—and there did learn
By mingling sighs to mitigate her woe :
Deep in each heart the lambent flame did burn—
Not fierce, mayhap ;—enduringly and slow.
Oh! those young thrilling years ! ah, who would spurn
Their memory, for all later, feebler joys !
But, for such flights as these we ought to turn
To the new Cockney-school of “ kissing eyes !”
“ Honey enchantments !” “ dimpling sympathies !” *

XXIX.

Yes—he Miss Mallét loved with all his soul :
And she—O ! that sweet face, and form, and mien !
Her mouth (a rosebud !) was persuasion’s goal !
Her shape—’twas all, that Phidias dreamt he’d
seen !
Her voice made Music mute ! Tom Moore, the roll
Of that black eye would swear a world might lure !
Yet think not—stupid, ungallant, or droll—
Because I tell you that she had, I’m sure,
A Moore’s black eye—she was a Blackeymoor !

* See Note (i) at the end.

XXX.

But to our nigger—by description, he
Did quickly seize upon Miss Mallét's lover,
Saying, his " Massa would delighted be
To crack him head-jokes with young Massa Roy
But first the youth would Mam'selle Mallét see
Safe, where the house of Mrs. Bradish stood :
Ere thence, the nigger led him—with sly glee
He mark'd the fond embrace, and cried "
good!
Was ebber woman in dis humour,—wood?"

XXXI.

His sweetheart safe—they sought the Cit's abode
'Twas hot ; from off the ribs of all the shippin
As 'long the quays they took their roasting road
The tar did drop like so much scalding drippin
Our youth, on whom the perspiration stool,
Cried " Zounds ! I'm hotter than a chandler c
ping !"
He ! he ! cried th' Black, with pity unendued,
" *Me*—all unuséd to de MELTING MOOD !"

XXXII.

Charm'd was the New York cit our youth to see,
Whose thoughts being more engrossed by love
'than money,
Told to the Merchant, how he, over sea,
Had fall'n in love with one as sweet as honey :
" In love !" the Merchant cried, " that must not be !
Unless she's rich—and then, 'twere mighty well—
Your rich old Uncle's dead !—learn that from me—
" You're his sole heir !" The tear in Rover's ee
Spouting—fell back again—and as it fell
It made his wailing, very like a WHALE !

XXXIII.

One word of Jerry : he'd an Uncle Ben
Who had two female slaves, a niece and mare ;
Ben wore his breeches broad, a fitting swain
For any London, loyal, female-mayor :
Ben was a tyrant, and his niece amain
Had run away—and where our Mallét din'd
On mutton chops—her Jerry, met again :
Being in love, she there of course did find—
A sort of an asylum for the blind !

XXXIV.

It now behoves us tell, how that the nigger

Snatch'd the piec'd-letter from the postman's ham
And then show'd fight; altho' the post was bigger—

Threatening to dig* his ribs, where he did stand
Figure of fun!—and yet too, a GRAVE DIGGER!

Thus, too, some Quaker bids his foeman list,
Exclaiming (square-toed, quaint in face and figure)

“ Friend! thy abuse I beg that thou'lt desist,
Lest thou should'st *run thy face against my fist!*”

XXXV.

By some odd chance, our Monsieur Mallét, wild

With joy, the letter from our nigger got—
But next while fencing in the dark was foil'd,

(We really have not time to tell the plot)
By th' niece of Uncle Ben,†—ah who may tally

With that fond score for which his hopes are pile
And Uncle Ben, from Tennessee, who'd toil'd,

Hoping to find his niece, finds Mam'selle MALLÉ
Heroes are often trick'd by a FALSE SALLY!

* Dig: to punch.—*Judy Flannigin's Records of Ribs Chancery.*

† See Note (k) at the end.

XXXVI.

At last they met, the loving sire and daughter ;

At last, within each others' arms are prest !

Close to his heart, the veteran hath caught her

In all a father's fondest raptures blest !

'Tis true indeed that Mrs. Yates* is shorter

Than the bright offspring of the draftsman's art :

But what of that ?—like music o'er the water

Of seas Ægæan is her voice—apart

From smiles which make—oh ! all her own—the part !

XXXVII.

But briefly now to wind our story's thread

Around its reel ; in Joy's own galopade

We'll *lead* those heels, which never can be *lead*

While Hymen's golden wings all care discard !

Rover, a bride, his lovely girl hath made ;

The pretty niece, you know, our Jerry's claim is,

But, "*that ere shilling*"† still runs in his head

As in our *purest* Scribes' ;—the thirst of fame is,

We fear, compress'd in *auri sacra fames* !

* See Note (l) at the end.

† See Note (m) at the end.

XXXVIII.

At worthy Mrs. Bradish's they meet
 (A female counterpart to Uncle Ben)
 To tread the senseless rushes with light feet
 'Till morn with garish eye shall peep again
 On revels, love makes doubly—doubly sweet!—
 No more ;—our bottle's low :—no doubt, moreover
 You long have fancied our poetic fyte
 Like the small-pox—or sonnet of a lover
 (Who reads it to you)—charming—*when it's over!*

XXXIX.

Lo ! where our friends assemble at the ball,
 Led off by Cruikshank, jovial in the dance,
 Like a true British Tar, who looks on all,
 Without *design*—yet *draws* them by a glance !
 Adieu !—Dear maids, may husbands you befall,
 And heaps of riches for your little treasures !
 Adieu !—Adieu !—a kind Adieu, to all !
 Long years, may haggard war's dark-mouth'd
 embrasures
 Be veil'd, meek Peace, beneath thy mantle's fall !
 Long, may we turn, while punch revives old pleasures,
 " Our dreadful marches to delightful MEASURES !"

NOTES.

Note (a) page 7.

We confess to a very unpoetical and matter of fact commencement,—but then inspiration can scarcely be hoped from a first or second glass (see the Preface); otherwise, we should have expatiated in the strain of one of our first-rate Cockney minstrels, that is, in imitation of the Negro song “I’ve been roaming.” By the by, in this exquisite composition the lady’s *feet* are decked with *pearls* in lieu of her *ankles*:—

“With the pearls *upon* my feet!!”

Put them under, next time, dear Derwent, and then we shall know exactly the description of animal before which they have been cast. To the composition in question—

“O dulcet charms!

Her lily arms

Were as white as the butterfly’s down,

When she leaveth her bower

On tiny tiptoe to scour

The cowslip steps of the heather so brown;

Then lies down drunk in her gewgaw gown,

With the mountain-dew of her own blue flower!”

Here the lady (for the butterfly is confounded with her) very appropriately, and very fortunately for the honour of her house, gets drunk on “mountain-dew,” and a pennyworth of sugar, *after* she has scoured her steps!!!—That there should, in a style of

poetical composition, so ambiguous, be a frequent *frightening the Muse from her propriety*, will be readily admitted. The "LOVES OF THE BUTTERFLIES" was the first *enfant merveilleux* of the new school of lyrics, and sufficiently startling, heaven knows, it was! The *butter-women* of Bath were said to have had penetration enough to discern that the poet had, in fact, let the arrows of his wit at *them*, under the disguise of butterflies; and they were so scandalized at the liberties he had taken in picturing forth their loves, that they surrounded his tenement, and threatened to pull it about his ears; but as one arrow will find another so another ambiguity saved *him*; for appearing in his balcony and shedding two scalding drops, that is, a soldier's tear from one eye, and a sailor's from the other, he melted the hearts (mollified Mollies, that they were!) of the Bath butter-women.

Note (b) page 9.

To settle the dispute as to the good or bad influences highly educated females in society, we refer the reader (the debate is fierce just now in Germany) to "Betrachtungen über den Geist in Deutschland, von C. Brandes,"—*passim*. The Greeks, polished as they were, *we* think deserve unqualified reprobation for their rigid banishment of the "sex divine" to a nursery. That they had, however, much respect for their wives, is evident from the prohibition to utter in their presence even the word *τραυρα*

Note (c) page 9.

An epithet bestowed with superlative modesty by a Cockney author who, ranks high in the coteries of Bloomsbury, in *his own* poem. To be "full of pretension," and to have "non all," being synonymes (see "Art of Punning,") we follow in the tail of this "lion among boarding-school governesses."

Note (d) page 12.

The name would appear to explain a fact which we derive from the lucid intervals of a certain American traveller, viz. That 'the whole of the *sitting* and *standing* regiments of the *United States* are composed of tailors and retailers.'

Note (e) page 13.

Coals were *coals* a few years ago—that is, they were not *slates*; and then, poetry was *poetry*, and not the simple and compound balderdash which now is shot down upon us in all directions. Grant, ye Nine, that we may soon have coals again!

Note (f) page 14.

Very complaisant, but *very specious*, and which Paul Clifford would elucidate by supposing a neighbour's *Burgundy* to be *uncorked against his will*!

Note (g) page 15.

See the speech of King Jackson in the Congress of 1826,—*passim*.

Note (h) page 16.

We cannot doubt that this moral illustration will be generally admired, derived as it is from one of the most celebrated experiments of Sir Joseph Banks.

Note (i) page 21.

It was in one of our flaming Annuals, that a "Sonnet to Leila" conveyed this very intelligible phrase. A friend of mine, who knew the party to whom it was addressed, and who (the lady) was about a foot below *la taille moyenne*, thought it would have been much more appropriately written "*dumpling sympathies*."

Note (k) page 24.

In a narrative we could not have followed the intricate plot of a slight drama without being heavy. In the play (an admirable one) this period of the plot is both the most serious and the most laughable. Mallét has had a female description of the circumstances, which warrant a positive conviction that she is his daughter; but missing his daughter, he enlists his niece.

Uncle Ben, also, is equally certain of having found her, and he has just resolved within his own mind to call in our civic judges, whose knowledge of law and Latin is equal, would say) a POSSE-COME-ON-TEN-TOES, if she is so bellicious,—when,—who should enter on her ten-toes *Mallét*.

Note (l) page 25.

Mrs. Yates, formerly Miss Brunton, possesses that character of beauty which, added to her histrionic talents, makes her perhaps the most pathetic artiste on the British boards.

Note (m) page 25.

The story of Uncle Ben, the Squirrel, Jerry, and the "shilling," is too well known to require our narrating it.

AMERICAN PHRASEOLOGY.

We shall not be out of order perhaps by referring to a recently published work of "Laurie Todd," by Mr. Todd, which gives a more accurate "form and pressure" of the characteristic of Yankee dialogue, than any more elaborate treatise on the subject.

Zerobabel L. Hoskins, an especial Yankee, thus catechises a young Scotsman (whom he calls 'Squire') on the state of his affairs. The Scotsman had refused to listen to the advice of the worthy Yankee, that it would be wise to give his creditors the sack.

"Is Mr. Laurie Todd going to pay one hundred cents to the dollar?" The Scotsman shook his head. "I was a-specting this," said Zerobabel, "and ha been making my calculations bout it; for I guess the Squire has been erronous considerable. When I see a man erronous in his calculations, by G——, it makes me sick!!"

Hoskins, in the following confabulation, is taking especial pains to convince the young Scotch emigrant, who had not long lost his wife, that he ought to marry again.

"Now, Squire, you see," said Zerobabel, "that ere being the circumstance, you should be a-making your calculations for another spec.—Well—if so be, that you're going to do so, don't you go to stand like a pump with your arm up as if you would give the sun a black eye—but do it right-away."

Some objections were started on the part of the Scotsman:—

"If that ben't particular, Squire Laurie," continued Zerobabel, "I'm a pumpkin, and the pigs may do their damned'st with me! But I aint a pumpkin—the Squire, he knows that.—Well,—I guess that ere young woman, my niece—she ben't five and twenty—I have known that ere young woman 'liver the milk of our thirteen cows afore eight a-morning, and fetch crumple, the calf, from the bush.—She'll make a heavenly splice!"

Zerobabel's dissertation on the emptiness of rank will be highly edifying to those who are ignorant of the characteristics of an American aristocracy.

"Well—if that ben't Solomon," said Zerobabel, addressing

the Scotsman, " I aint nobody—for, to speak the truth away to Mr. Todd, I have, myself, obtinacious object considerable some—against 'em are parley-voos; for tho' major of militia and a judge in our county state of Ver aint special 'bout pedigrees:—but, my wife, she's, as the man knows, an almighty ambitious woman, and will ha kitchen as clean as her parlour:—she wont have nobody but Squire:—for myself, Zerobabel L. Hoskins, I aint scious—and yet, when I judgefies at sessions, there aint Belzebug to knaves in all the Union!! They shant speak *then* but as I lets em ! ! "

Good night Burke, Pitt, and Sherry—after this !

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